

GOLD
KEY

TOP CAT

GE

12c

HANNA-
BARBERA

TOP
CAT

10004-604
APRIL



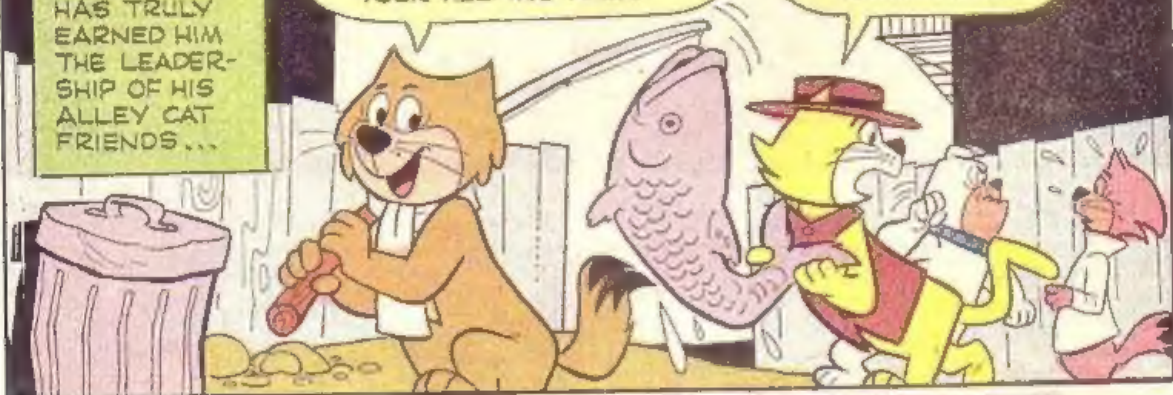
Hanna-Barbera
TOP CAT



TOP CAT'S "HELPING PAW" HAS TRULY EARNED HIM THE LEADERSHIP OF HIS ALLEY CAT FRIENDS...

THANKS, T.C.... I COULDN'T HAVE LANDED IT WITHOUT YOUR HELPING PAW!

SAY, YOU'LL HAVE TO CARRY ON ALONE NOW...



HIS WILLINGNESS TO SACRIFICE "SELF" TO SAVE A BUDDY...



HIS LABOR OF LOVE FOR A FOULED-UP FELLOW FELINE...



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ALL THIS WITHOUT EVER ASKING A THING IN RETURN MARKS TOP CAT AS A CAT ABOVE ALL CATS, THE LOVELIEST OF LEADERS...


NO THANKS, NO THANKS, NO THANKS!




THEN ONE DAY, TOP CAT IS AWAKENED BY JOLLY-TYPE SINGING...

FOR HE'S A JOLLY
GOOD LEADER... ♪


HEH!
G'MORNIN',
MEN!



HEY!?! THEY'RE NOT
SINGING AT ME!...




THEY'RE FOLLOWING SOME
OTHER CAT'S LEADERSHIP!




♪ IT'S A.C. FOR ME... AND A.C. FOR THEE...
FOR HIS "POWERFUL PAW" WE ALL YELL YIPPEE! ♪

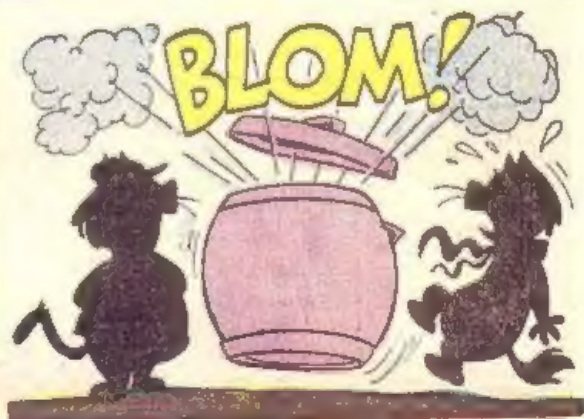
HEY... WHO
IS THIS CAT
CALLED A.C.?

WHY, HE'S
AL CATRAZ,
OUR **NEW
LEADER**!



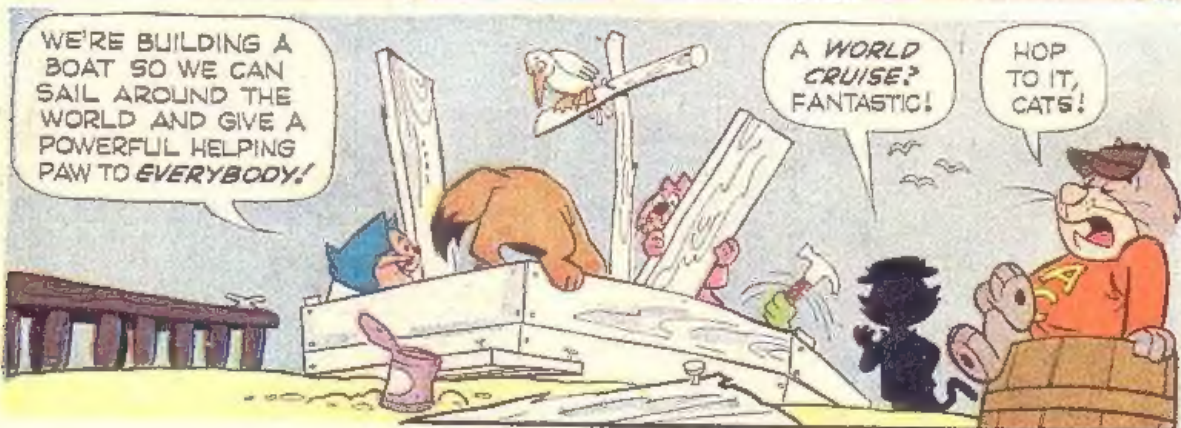
NO OFFENSE TO YOU,
TOP CAT... BUT THIS A.C.
GUY IS SIMPLY THE **MOST**!
WATCH HIM IN ACTION...





AND SO, TOP CAT NOW WALKS ALONE... A LEADER WITHOUT FOLLOWERS...





BUT CHUMS... I DOUBT IF
THAT FRAIL CRAFT WILL
GET BEYOND THE
FISH ISLANDS!



AH-H... THOSE
YUMMY FISH
ISLANDS!



HUMPH! AL CATRAZ
ACTS LIKE THAT'S ALL
HE REALLY CARES
ABOUT!



WHAT?! ARE YOU CATS GONNA LET HIM
TALK THAT WAY ABOUT YOUR BELOVED LEADER?

NO!

NO!

NO!



SCAT, TOP CAT!
YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS
OF A.C.!

YIKES! MY
OWN HAVE
TURNED
AGAINST ME!



I'M SURE HE'S JUST *USING*
MY FRIENDS TOWARD HIS OWN
SELFISH ENDS! AND I'M
POWERLESS TO STOP IT!

READY NOW...
LET'S LAUNCH THE
MEOW-SCOW!

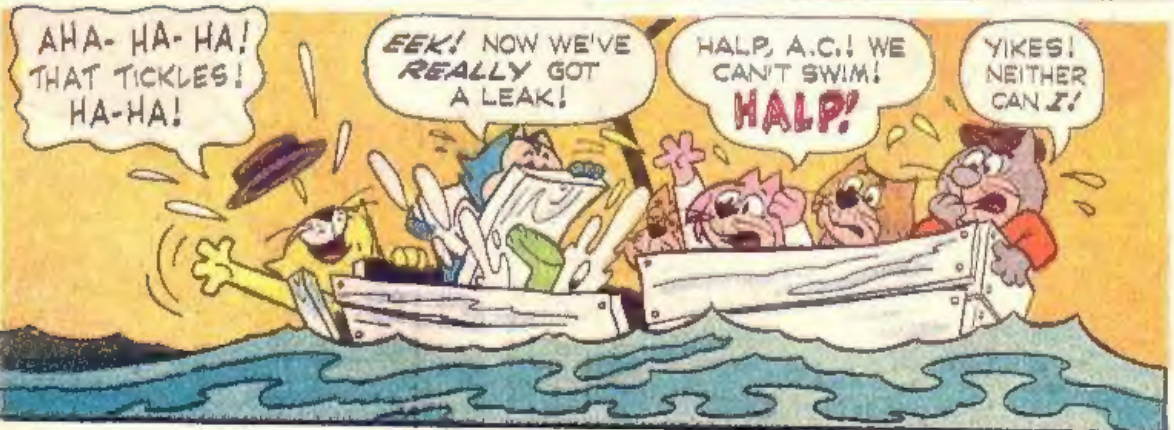
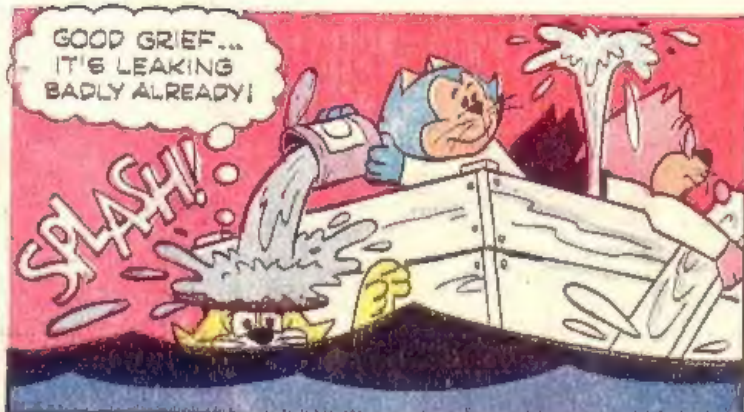


I CANNOT DESERT
MY DEAR FRIENDS!



I'LL TRAIL
ALONG IN CASE
THEY NEED ME!





BUT ANOTHER BOAT IS GONNA PASS BY... AND IT HAS A ROPE HANGING OUTSIDE...

YAY! GRAB IT AND SAVE US ALL, A.C.!

I'LL GRAB IT, ALL RIGHT!

BUT IT MIGHT NOT HOLD MORE THAN ME! SO TOUGH STUFF TO YOU CATS! FIND YOUR OWN ROPE!

SPLATCH!

ERF! A GARBAGE SCOW!

JUST YOUR SPEED, A.C.!

YOU SELFISH CAP!

TOP CAT WAS NEVER THAT WAY!

C'MON, CATS... I CAN SWIM... GRAB ON!

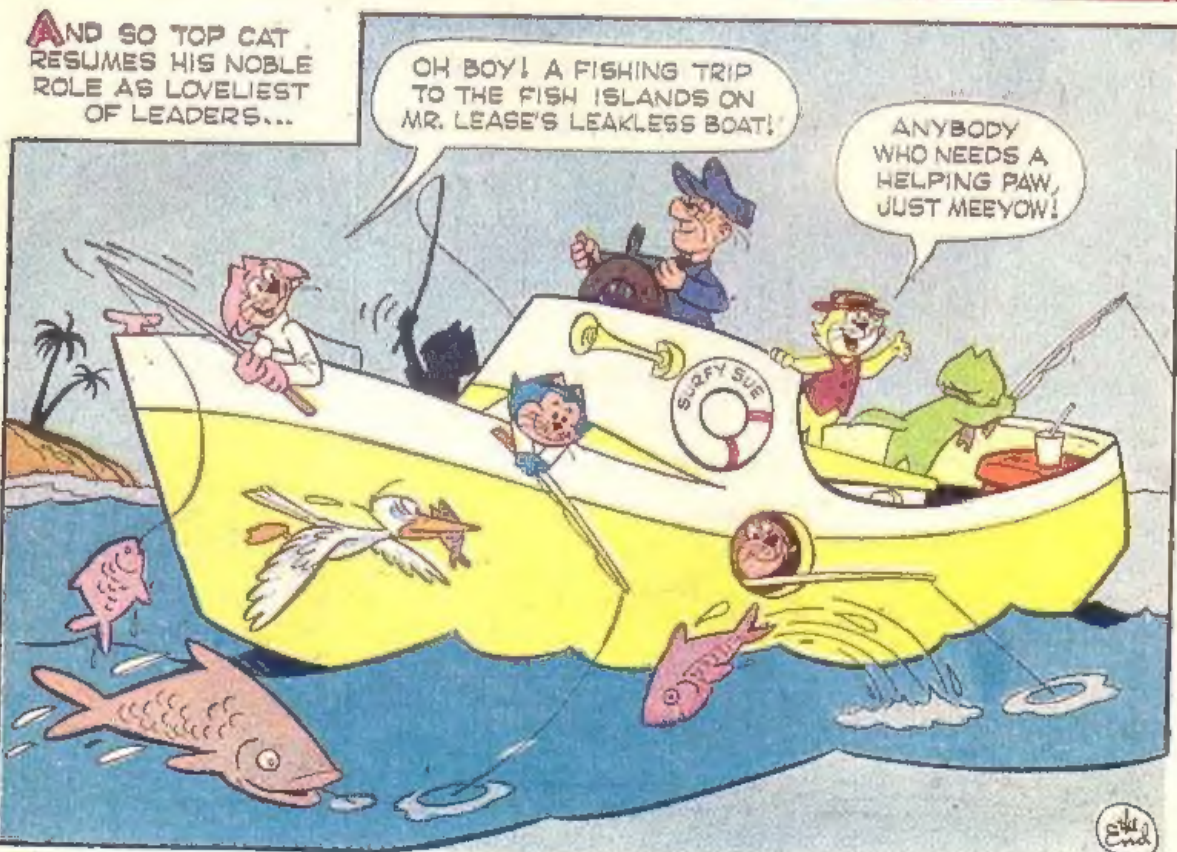
ER... DOESN'T THIS BOTHER YOU, T.C... ALL OUR WEIGHT ON YOUR TAIL-SECTION?

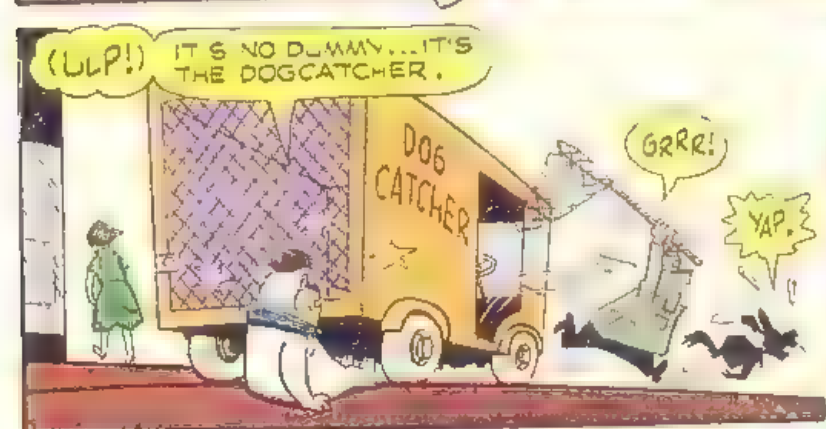
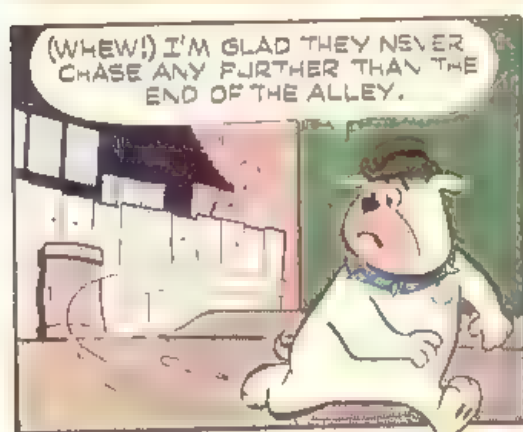
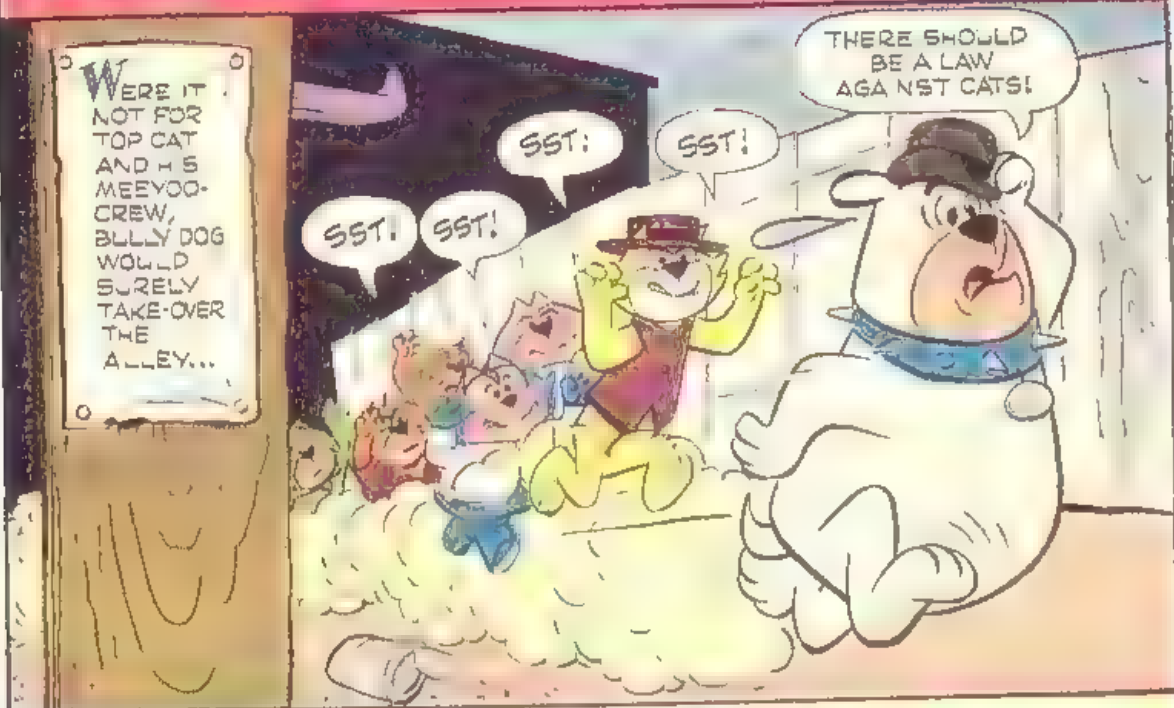
YEAH, BUT I'D GIVE MY NINTH LIFE IN SERVICE TO MY FRIENDS!

THIS IS A TRUE TALE OF GENUINE HEROISM!

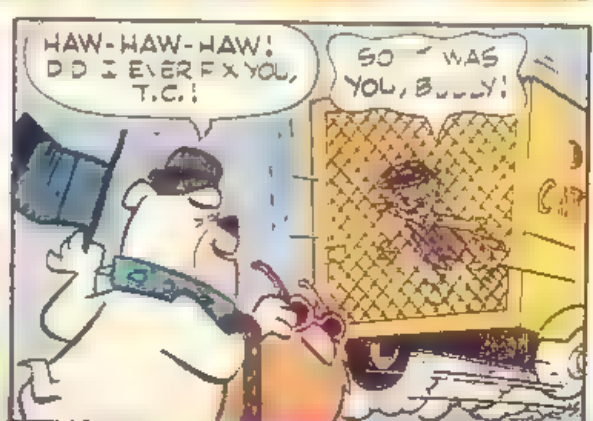
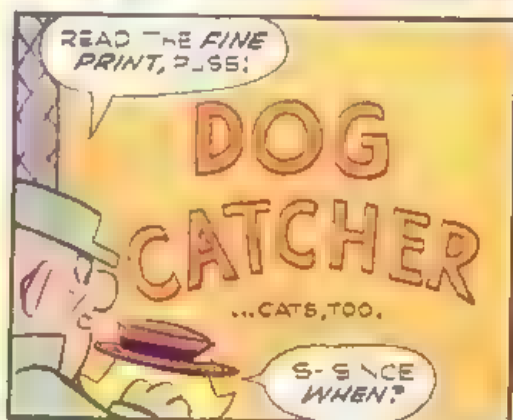
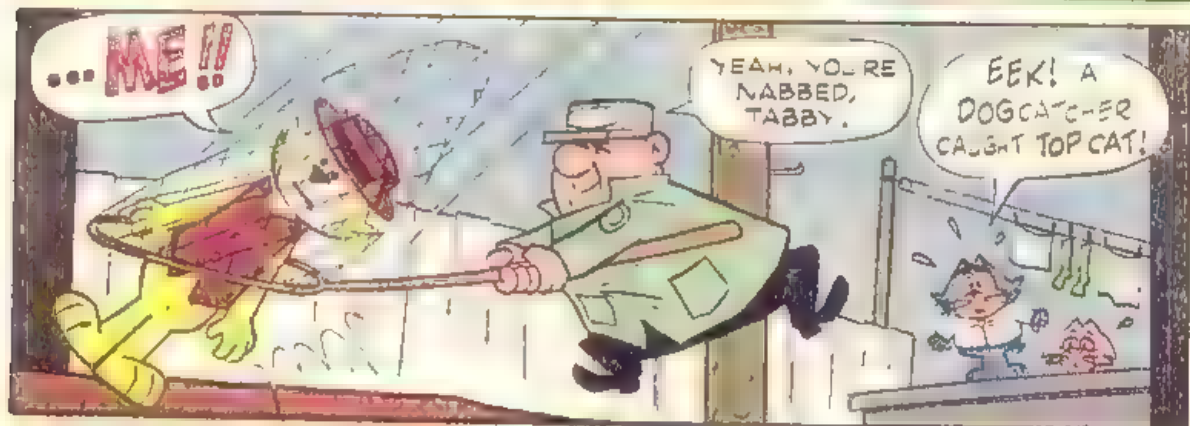


AND SO TOP CAT RESUMES HIS NOBLE ROLE AS LOVELIEST OF LEADERS...





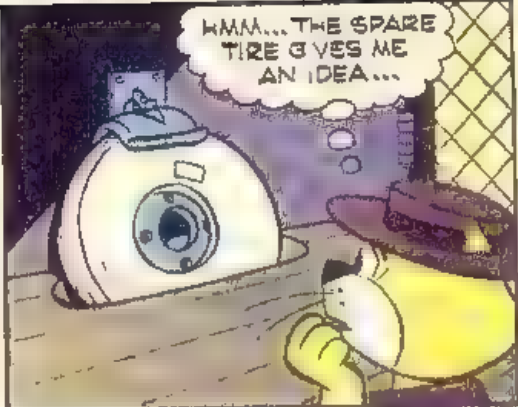
AND SHORTLY...



(GULP...) BUT THE FACT REMAINS THAT I AM BOUND FOR THE CITY POUND, AND THAT'S JUST AWFUL!

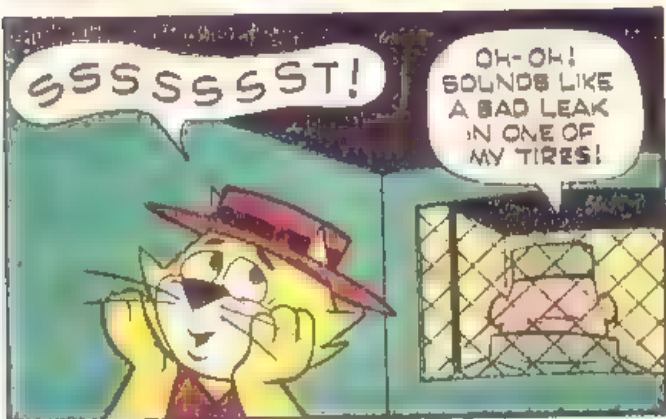


HHMM... THE SPARE TIRE GIVES ME AN IDEA...



SSSSSST!

OH-OH! SOUNDS LIKE A BAD LEAK IN ONE OF MY TIRES!

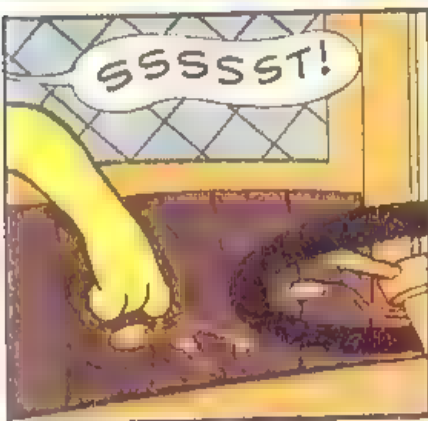


I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK-SEE...

SSSSSST!



SSSSSST!



THAT'S FUNNY... ALL TIRES SEEM TO BE OKAY.

NOW TO HEAD FOR HOME.



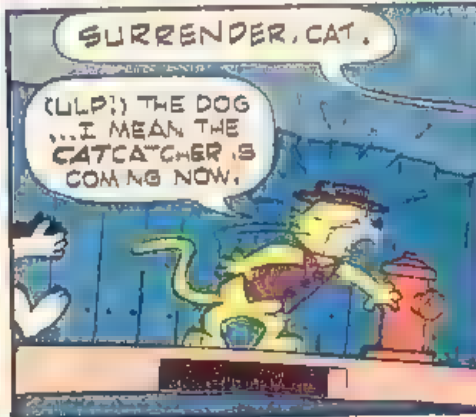
(GULP...) IT LOOKS AS IF MY CAT PALS HAVE FLED AND BULLY HAS TAKEN OVER!

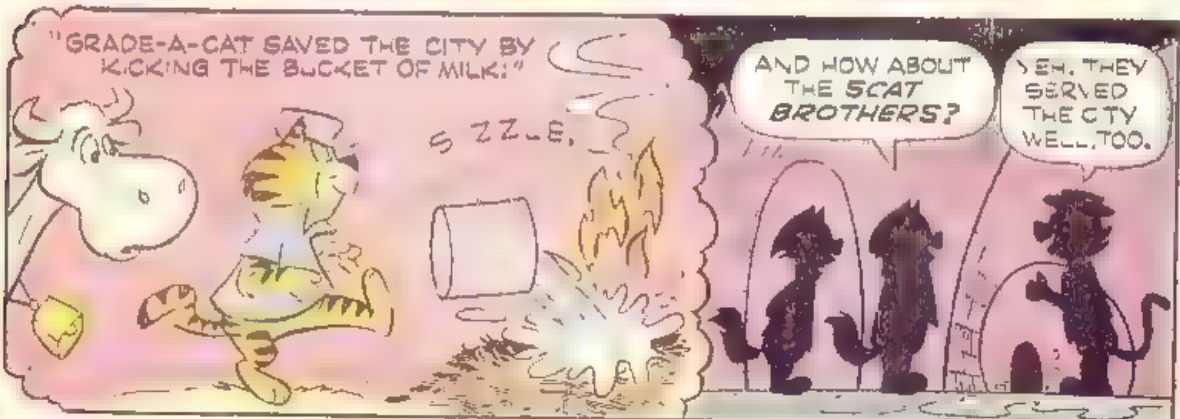
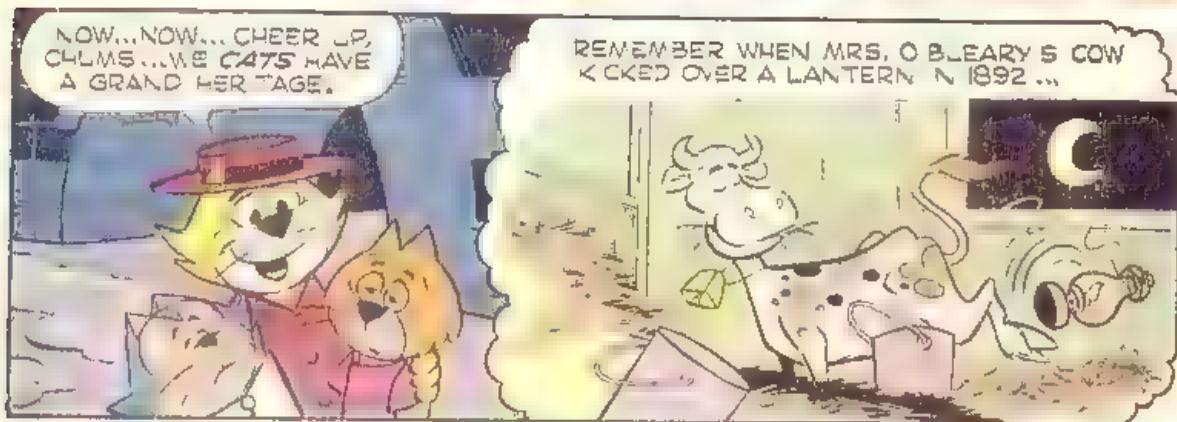
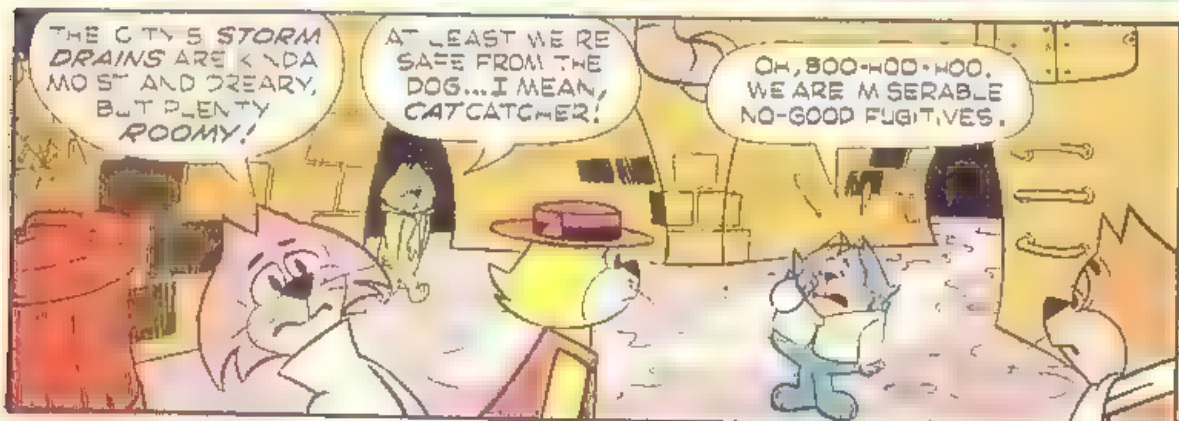
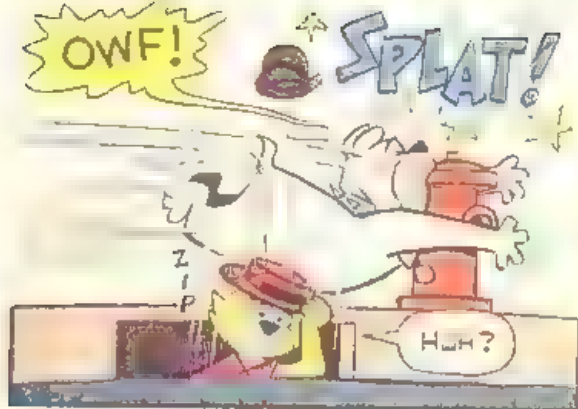
I'M GONNA GET YOU, T.C.!



SURRENDER, CAT.

(GULP!) THE DOG... I MEAN THE CATCATCHER IS COMING NOW.





"WHEN MCE OVERRAN THE CITY IN 1920
THE SCAT BROTHERS TOOTED THEM ALL
OUT OF TOWN..."

AND REMEMBER
PURR C. PUSS
DURING THE FLOOD?

HOLD IT! HOLD IT!
SOMETHING JUST
STRUCK ME...

BURP!

BLAT!

BOOP!

CATS HAVE
ALWAYS
BEEN SUPER
HEROES
AROUND
HERE...

SO WHY WOULD THE
CITY EVER PASS AN
ANTI-CAT LAW?

YEAH,
WHY?

I'M GOING TO THE
CITY HALL TO LOOK
OVER THE LAW BOOKS!

THIS
WAY,
T.C.!

DOG
CATCHER

YEP!
THIS
IS IT..

CITY
HALL

I NEVER HEARD OF A
LAW AGAINST CATS!

AND I CAN'T
FIND ONE.

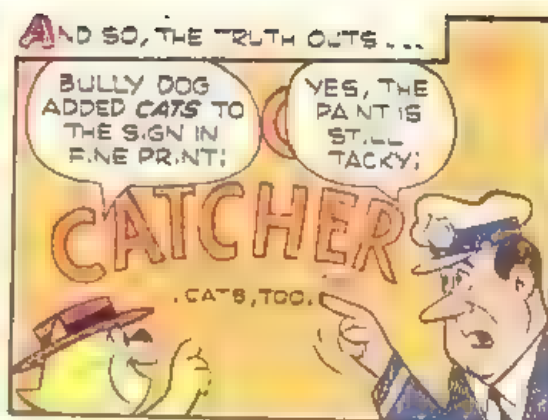
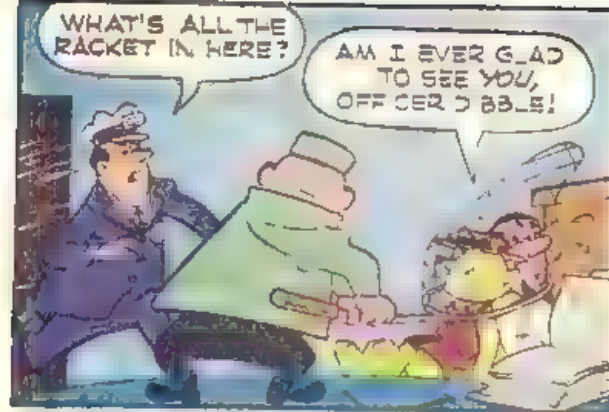
HALL
OF
RECORDS

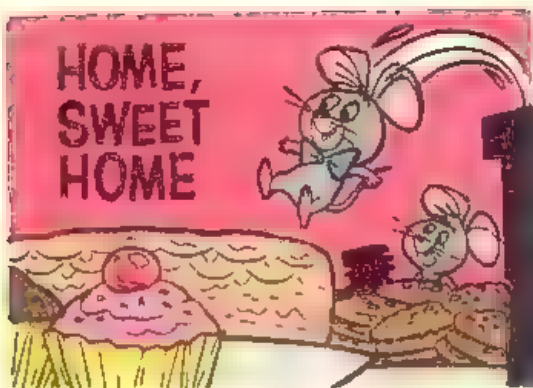
WOW! BUT LOOK
AT THIS LAW.

...GOTCHA, YOU
SLIPPERY CAT!!

AWK! YOU'VE BEEN
MISINFORMED, SIR.

YES!...I'M
NOT A CAT!





"We made it!" panted Pixie. "We made it!"
 "Just by a squeak!" puffed Dixie as the two little mice raced into their mousehole. "But Mr. Jinks almost caught us this time! He gets speed on every day!"

"We need to get away from Jinksy," said Pixie, sinking into a chair.

"You're right," agreed Dixie. "We're all tuckered out from running from him. Let's go away somewhere."

"Where?" asked Pixie.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Dixie. "Anywhere that looks good."

So Pixie and Dixie started off, down the street. Soon they came to a hotel.

"This place looks nice," said Dixie.

"Let's try it," agreed Pixie.

As a man opened the door to enter, the little mice scooted inside with him.

"Hey, this is really a swanky place," exclaimed Dixie. "This will be livin'!"

As Pixie and Dixie started across the lobby, enjoying the deep softness of the rug, a woman screeched, "Eeek! Mice!"

Quickly the little mice scurried under a chair. There they stayed very quiet, trembling, as a search for them went on.

At last, when the hunt was given up, Pixie whispered, "Maybe it's safe to go out now. Shall we try it?"

"Yes," said Dixie. "I'm starving."

Pixie and Dixie crept along a hallway, keeping in the shadows, and followed their noses, straight to the kitchen.

"Woowee!" exclaimed Pixie. "Look at all that food! Cakes and pies and cookies and cheese... let me at it!"

Pixie jumped right into a cheesecake, murmuring, "Mmmm... this is delicious!"

"So is this pie," smacked Dixie. "Home

was never like this! This is real living!"

But Pixie and Dixie's pleasure was very short-lived. Suddenly a baker... a huge man in a white cap and apron... appeared.

"Mice, mice!" he shouted.

More bakers came on the run, and soon Pixie and Dixie were surrounded by white caps and aprons! Quickly, they jumped down from the tables, trying to scoot to safety. Round and round and back and forth across the kitchen they went, but everywhere they turned, someone joined in the chase.

At last, the hotel manager arrived, rushing in through a swinging door. As the door swung closed, it swept the mice off their feet and sent them spinning out of the kitchen into a back hallway! In a flash, the mice were on their feet and out of a most-welcome open window!

Outside, the little mice stopped to rest and catch their breath.

"You're right," panted Pixie. "Home was never like this!"

"Let's go home," said Dixie.

As the mice approached the house, Mr. Jinks blocked the doorway.

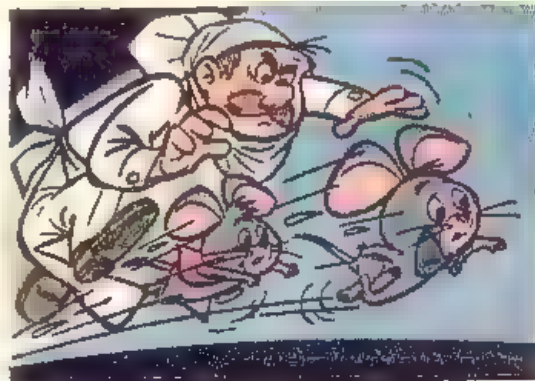
"So there you are," he snarled, making a swipe at them.

Pixie and Dixie started to run, but they were too weary. They stumbled and fell, right into Jinks's clutches!

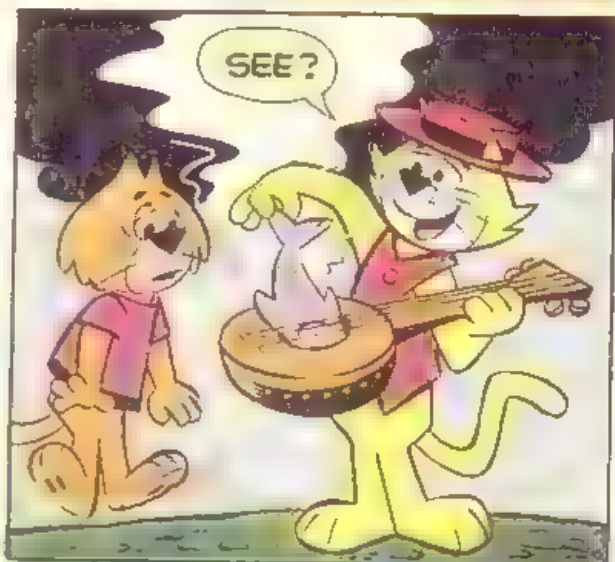
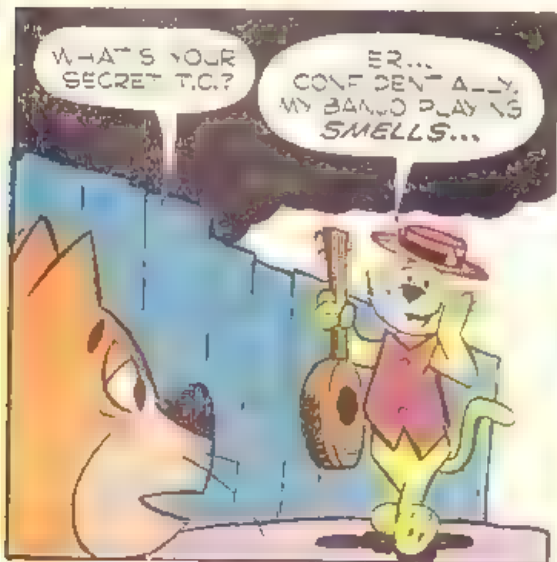
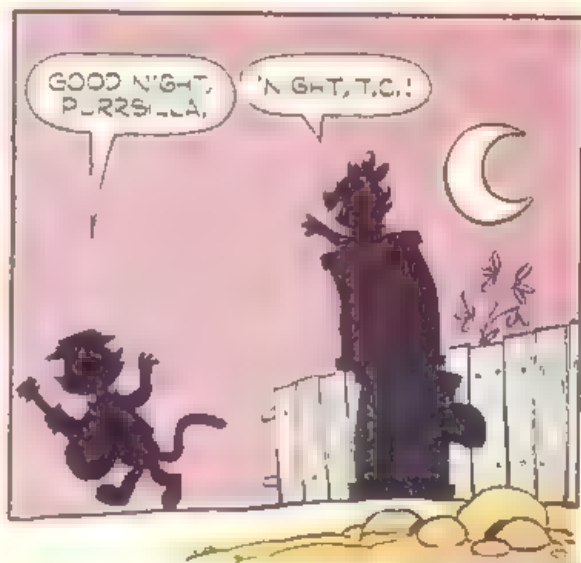
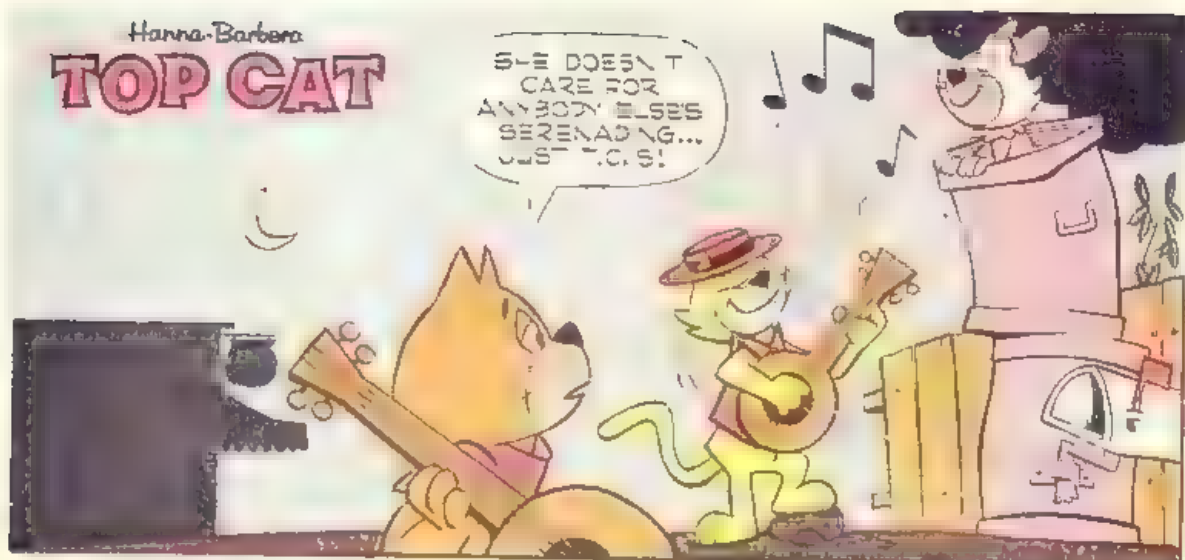
"Oho! I got 'em!" crowed Mr. Jinks. Then, "Hey, you guys look beat," he said. "No wonder I caught you so easy! That's no fun... you better get some rest." And Mr. Jinks carried them to their mousehole.

"Ah, home, sweet home," sighed Pixie.

"Yes, the world was never like this," agreed Dixie, as the little mice settled down for a long peaceful nap.

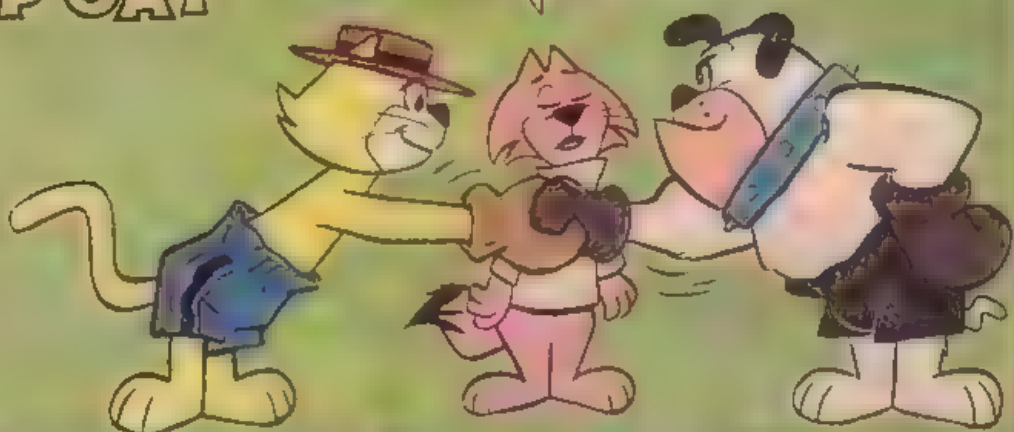


Hanna-Barbara
TOP CAT

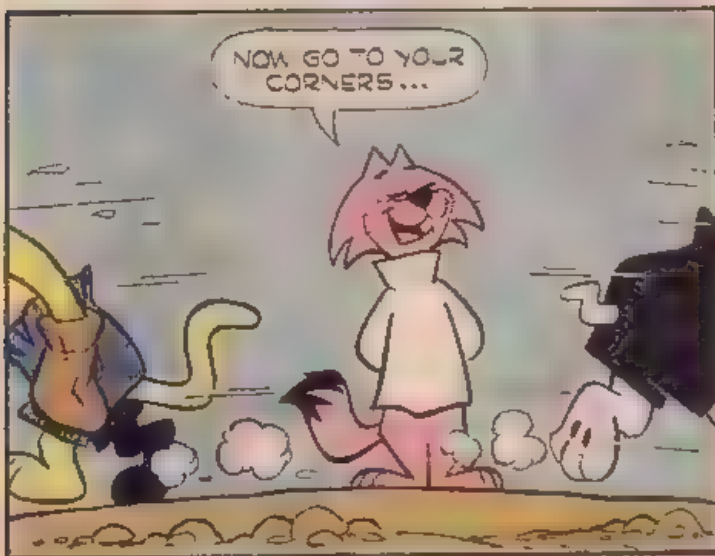


Hanna-Barbara
TOP CAT

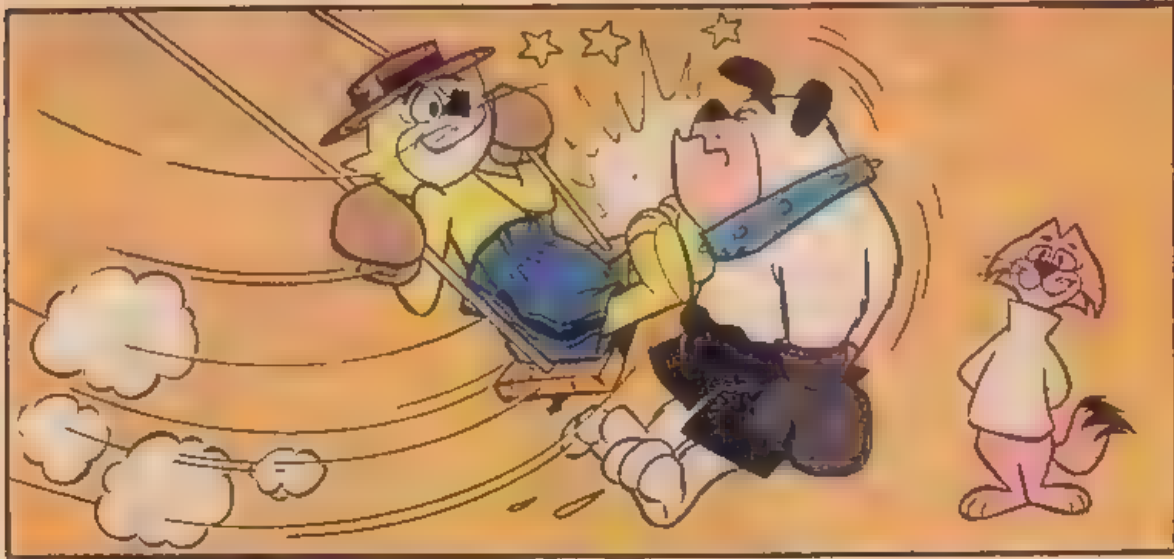
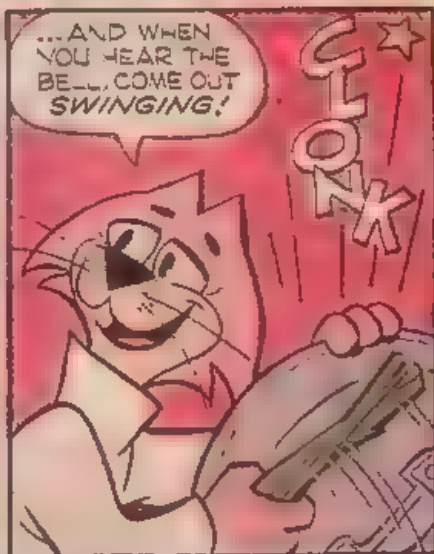
SHAKE PAWS...



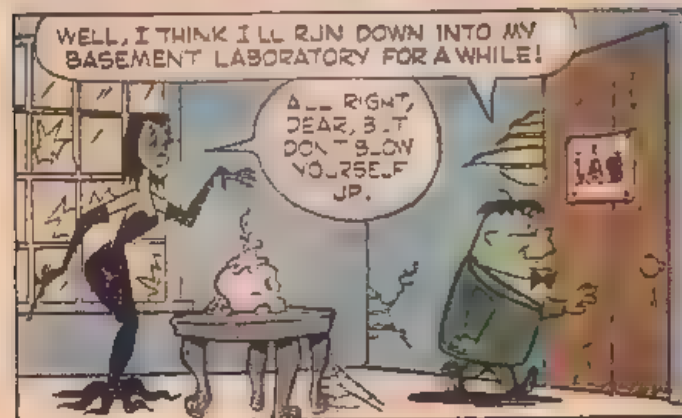
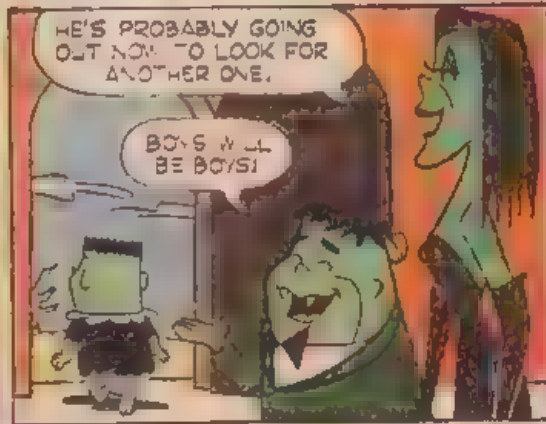
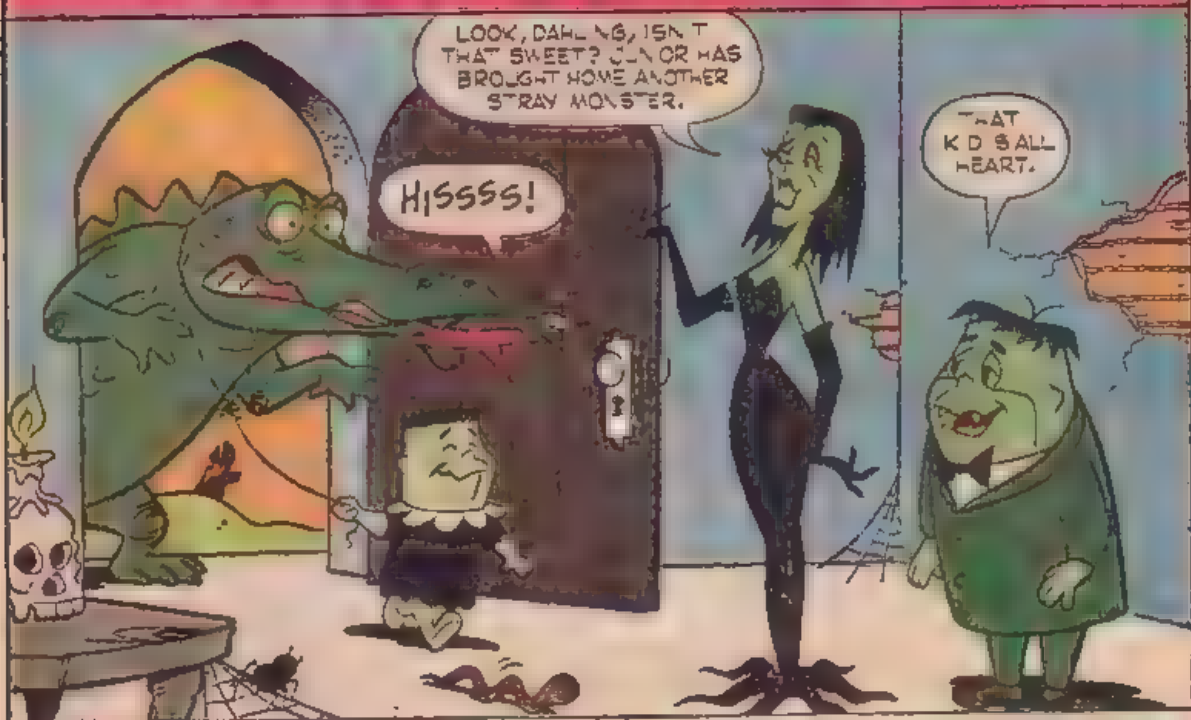
NOW GO TO YOUR
CORNERS...

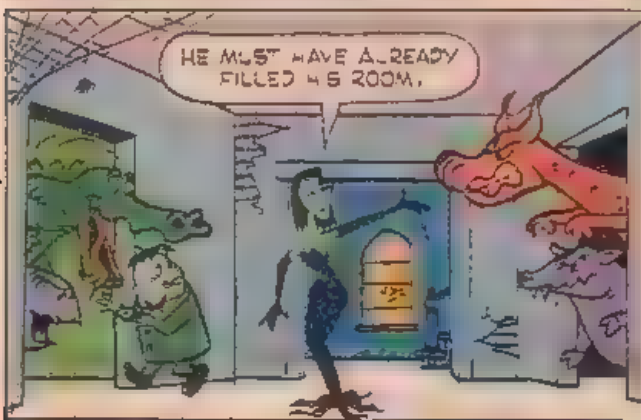
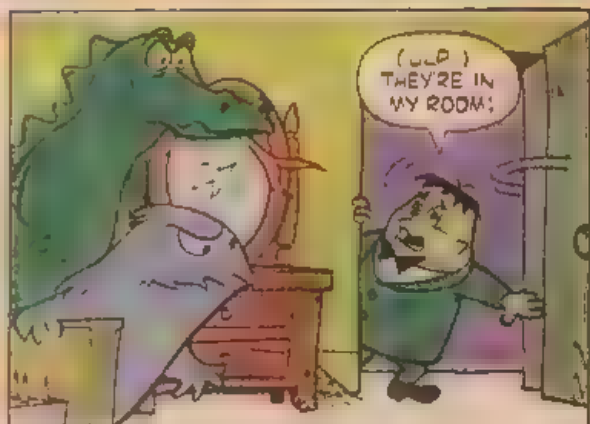
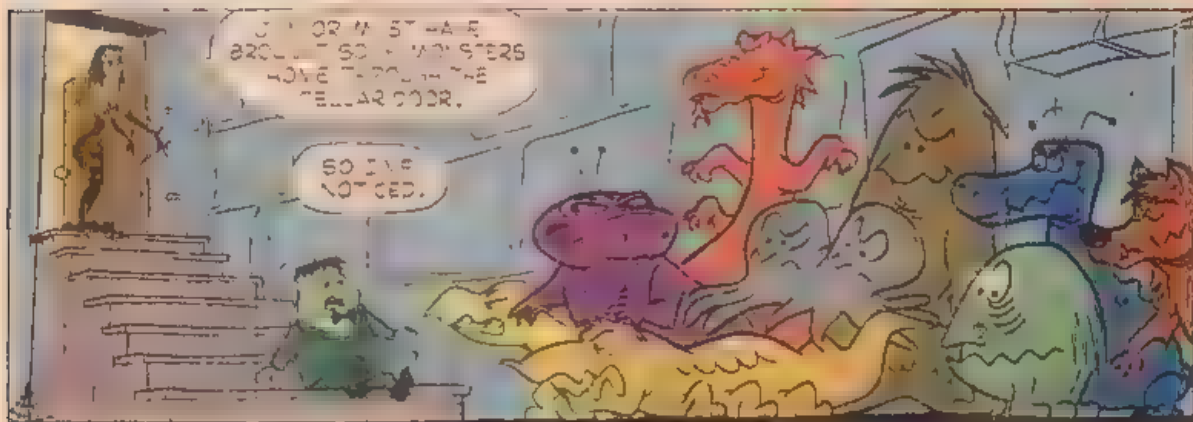
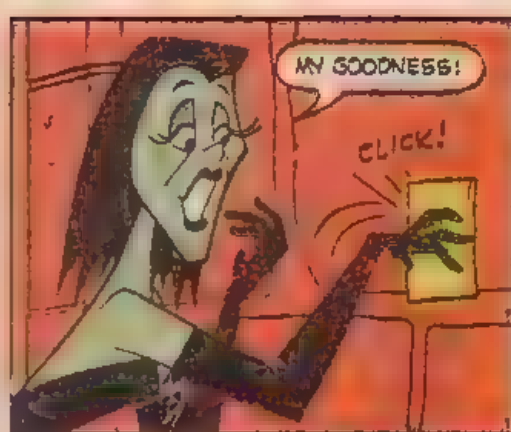


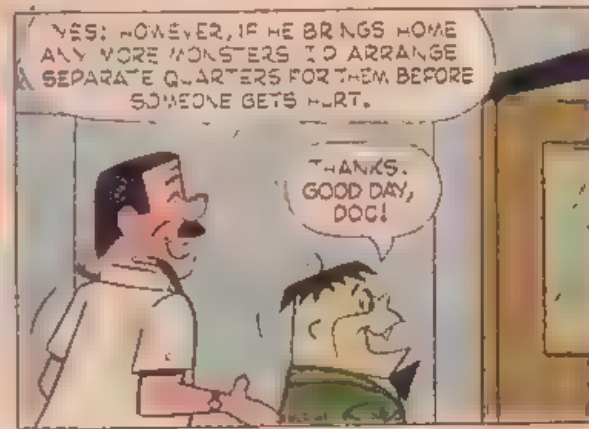
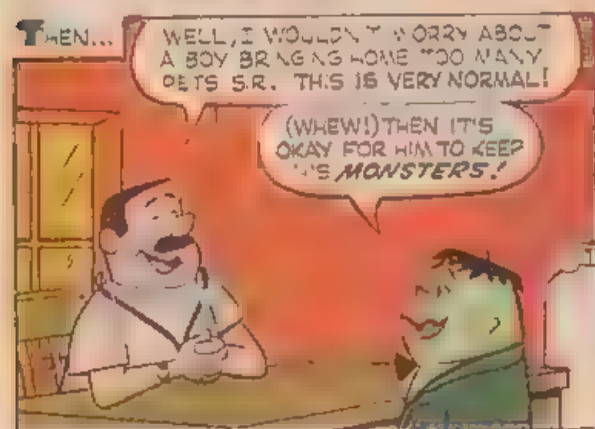
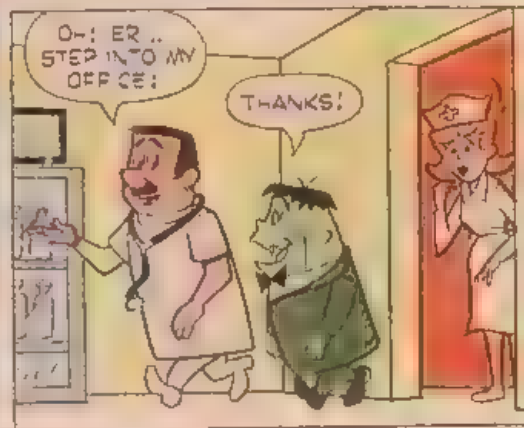
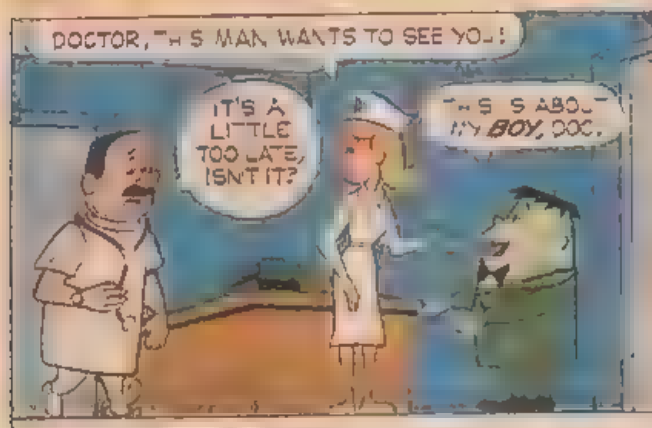
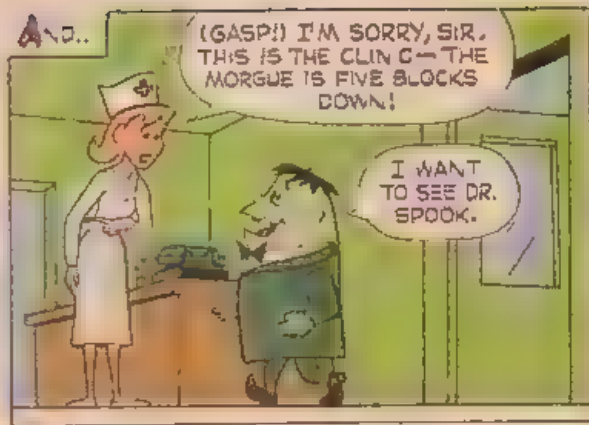
...AND WHEN
YOU HEAR THE
BELL, COME OUT
SWINGING!

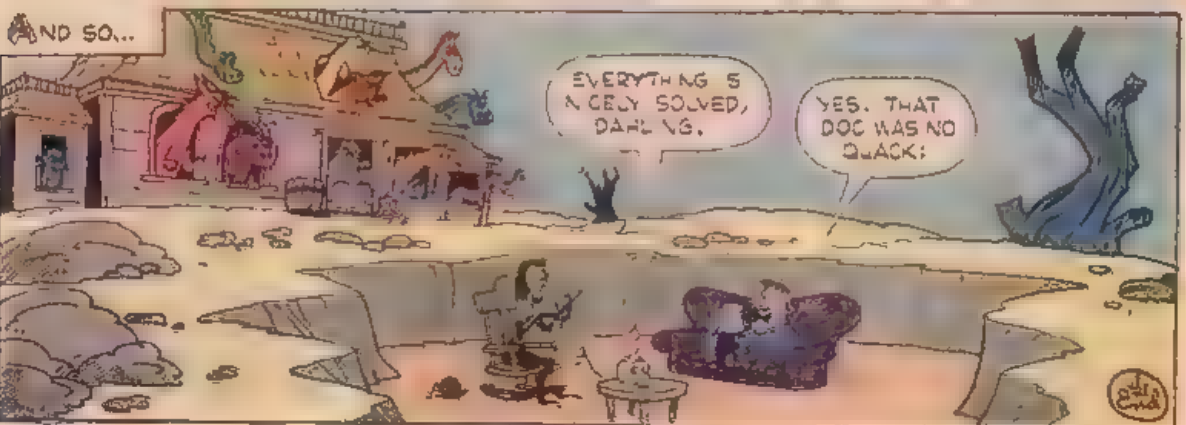
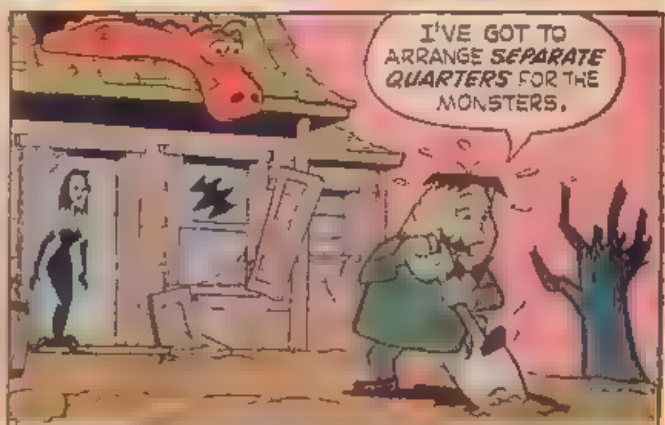
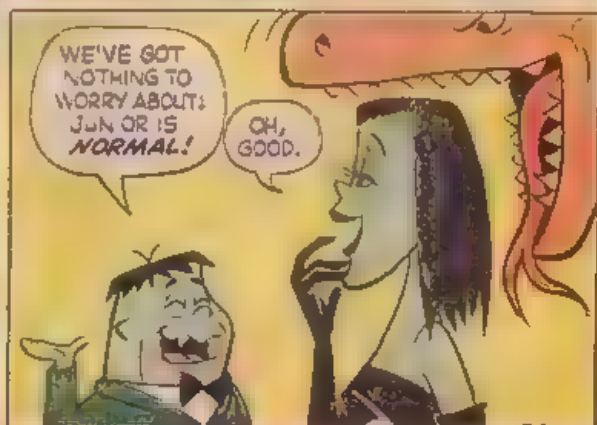
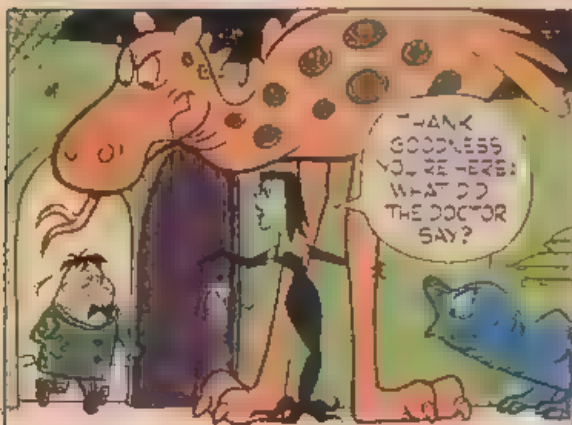


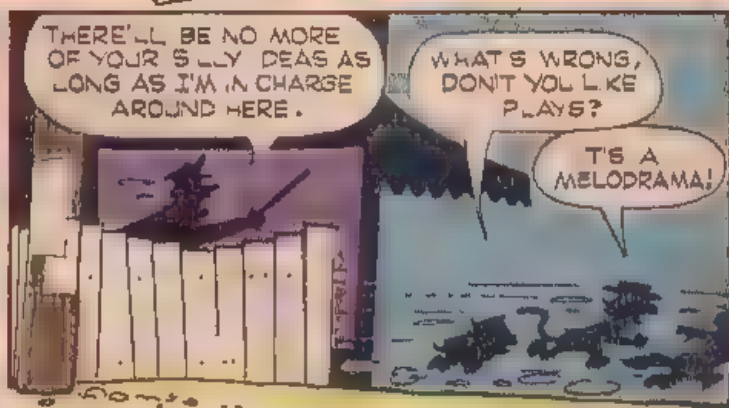
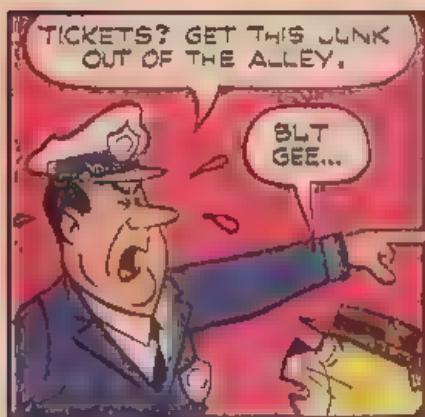
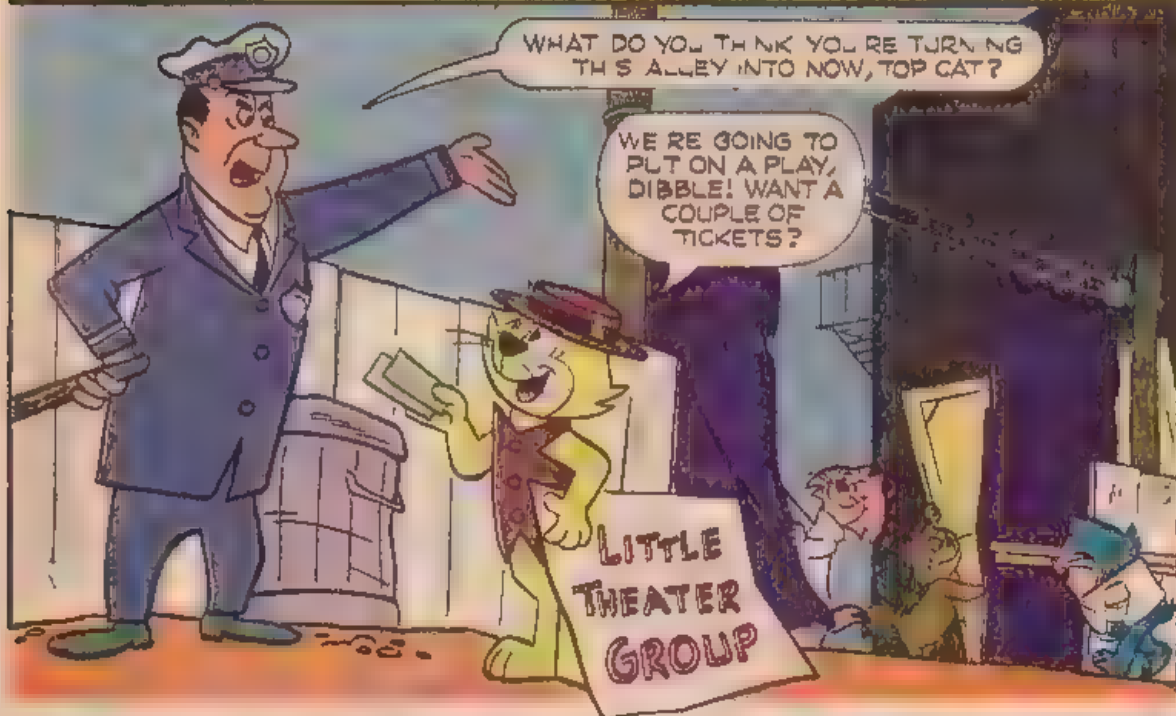
Hanna-Barbera MR. & MRS. J. EVIL SCIENTIST
MONSTERS BY THE DOZEN

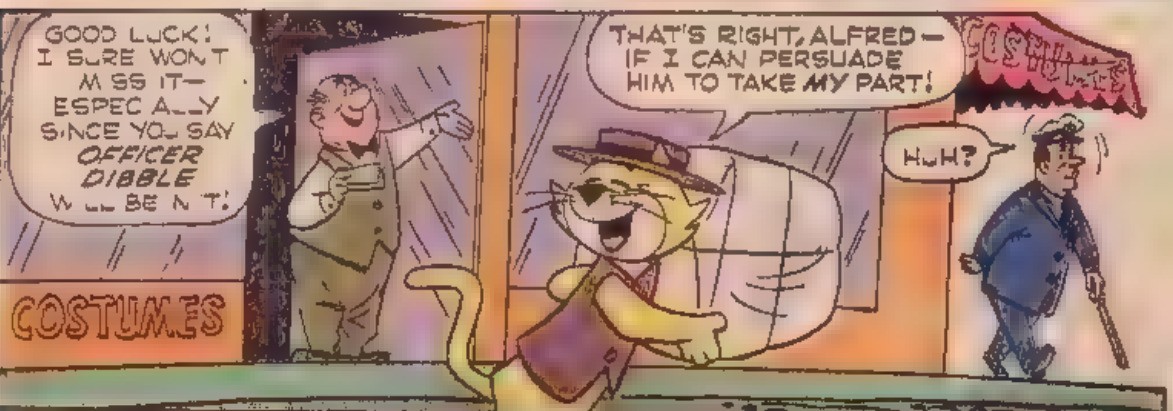
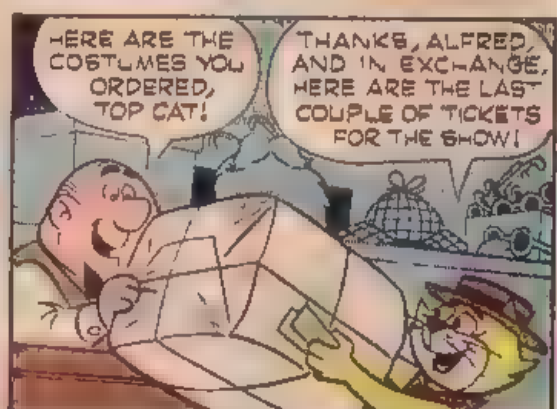
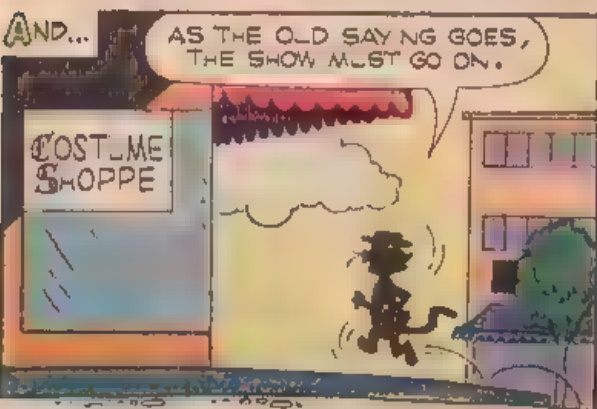
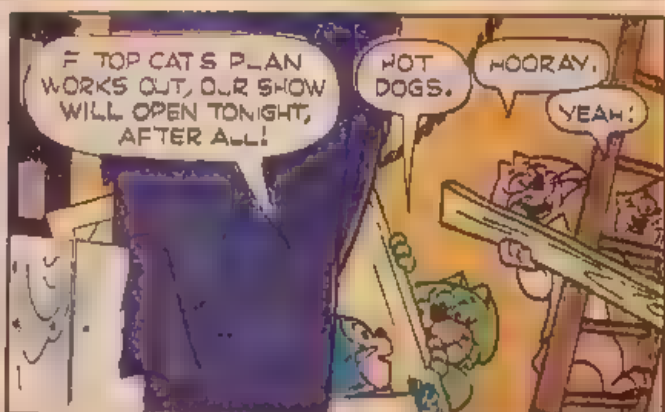
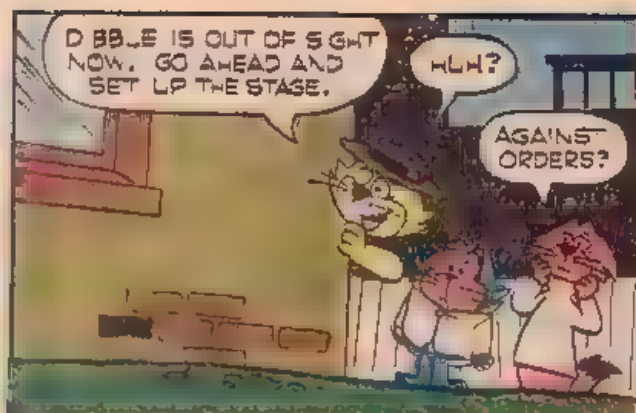
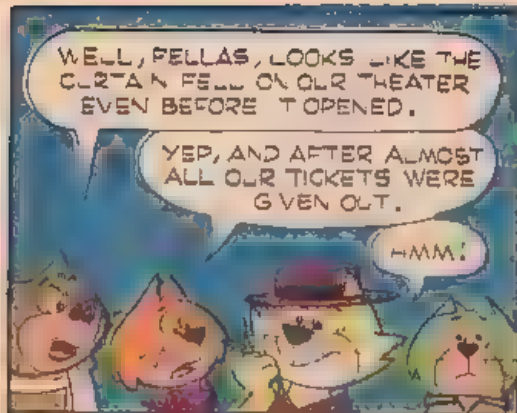












COOPS! ER,
HIYA, DIB!
FANCY
MEETING
YOU HERE!

WHAT'S GOING ON
HERE, TOP CAT?

I TOLD YOU THERE WAS
TO BE NO THEATER IN
THE ALLEY, AND **NOW**
YOU'RE EVEN USING MY
NAME FOR ADVERTISING
PURPOSES!

BUT DIB, I'M
WILLING TO
GIVE UP MY
PART TO YOU,
IF YOU'LL
COOPERATE!

COSTUMES

THAT DOES IT! BACK
THESE COSTUMES GO!
HOW MANY TIMES MUST
I TELL YOU THERE'S
TO BE **NO PLAY!**

OKAY, DIB,
HAVE IT
YOUR WAY!

I'LL PHONE THE PRODUCER AND
HAVE HIM CANCEL HIS INVESTMENT!

PRODUCER?

YOUR SHOW EVEN HAS A PRODUCER—
LIKE THE KIND THAT INVESTS IN
REAL PLAYS?

COSTUME
SHOPPE

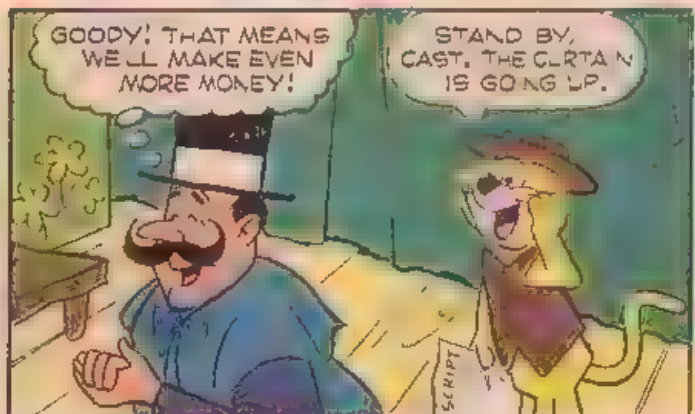
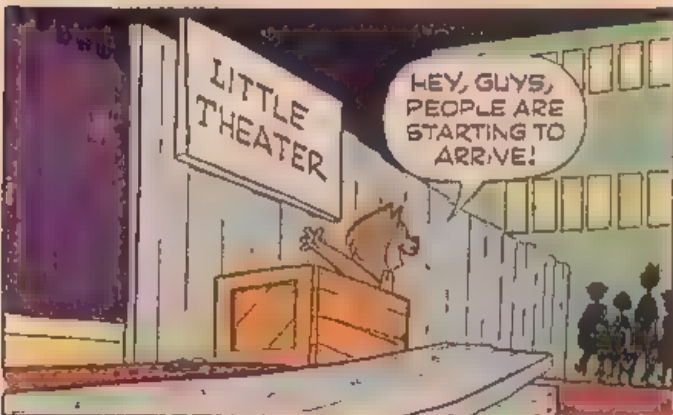
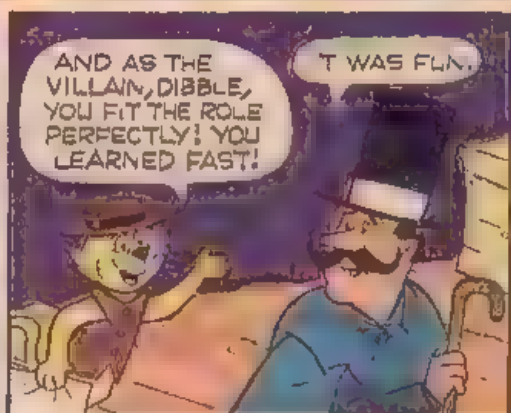
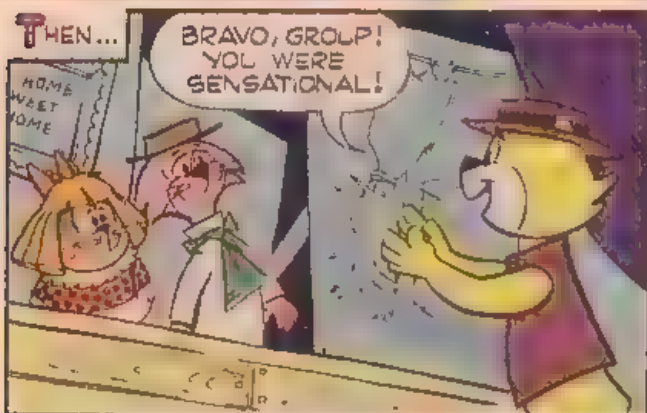
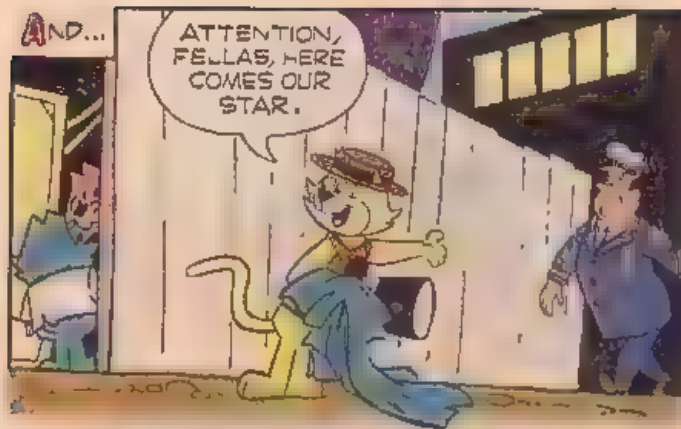
SORT OF,
DIBBLE.

SAY, TOP CAT, PERHAPS I'VE BEEN
A B.T. HASTY: IS IT TOO LATE
FOR ME TO LEARN THE PART?

NOT AT ALL! SEE YOU
TONIGHT AT SEVEN FOR
DRESS REHEARSAL!

IF THEY'VE GOT A PRODUCER
INVESTING IN THE PLAY IT MUST
MEAN WE'LL GET **PAID**
FOR PERFORMING!

IT WORKED.
(WHEW.)



LATER...

OH, PLEASE DON'T
TURN US OUT OF
OUR HOME, MR.
VILLAIN!

I W... L... OOPS.

SPLAT!

BOO!

HISS!

DOWN
WITH THE
VILLAIN.

THE
CURTAIN
FALLS...

YOU WERE
TERRIFIC,
GROUP.
A REAL
SMASH.

THANKS,
T.C..

I ALMOST WALKED OUT WHEN
THE TOMATOES STARTED FLYING,
BUT I JUST THOUGHT OF OUR
PAY AND OVERLOOKED THEM.

PAY?
WHAT
PAY?

GOLLY, D.B.,
NOBODY GETS
PAID! WE ACT
FOR THE LOVE
OF ACTING.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE
PACKED THEATER?

OH, THEY GOT
IN EXCHANGE
FOR SUPPLYING
THE STUFF WE
USED... LIKE
COSTUMES, CHAIRS
AND STUFF.

BUT-BUT WHAT
ABOUT THE MONEY
THE *PRODUCER*
INVESTED?

GEE, D.B., IF YOU
ALREADY GOT ALL THAT
HE INVESTED, WHERE
DO YOU THINK THE
TOMATOES CAME FROM?

TONY'S PRODUCE MARKET.
GRR. SOME PRODUCER. I'LL
TEACH YOU TO TRICK ME!

YOU KNOW, BOYS,
D.B. GETS
BETTER AS A
VILLAIN ALL THE
TIME.



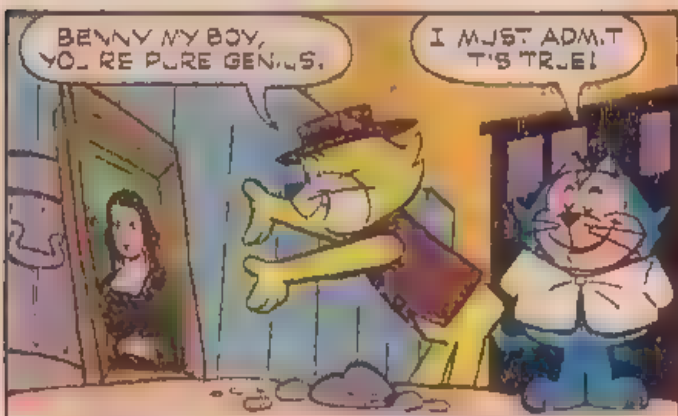
HIYA, TOP CAT! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY LATEST BIT OF ART WORK?

BENNY...DID YOU DO THAT?



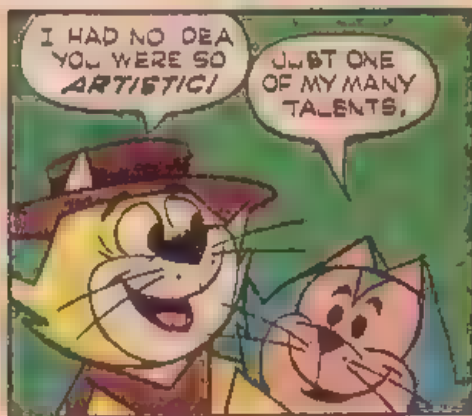
BENNY MY BOY, YOU'RE PURE GENIUS.

I MUST ADMIT IT'S TRUE!



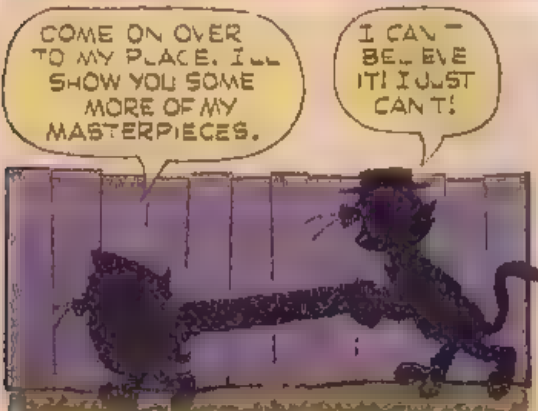
I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE SO ARTISTIC!

JUST ONE OF MY MANY TALENTS.



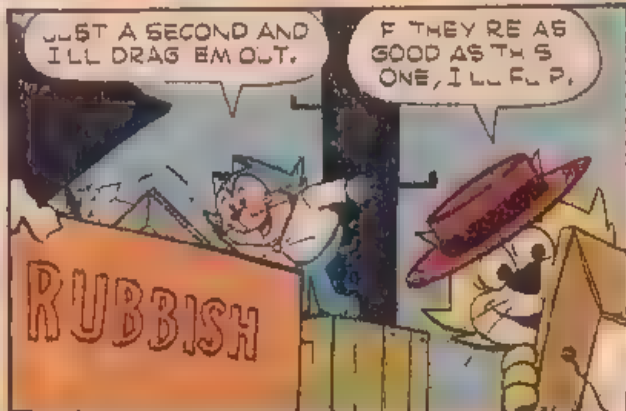
COME ON OVER TO MY PLACE. I'LL SHOW YOU SOME MORE OF MY MASTERPIECES.

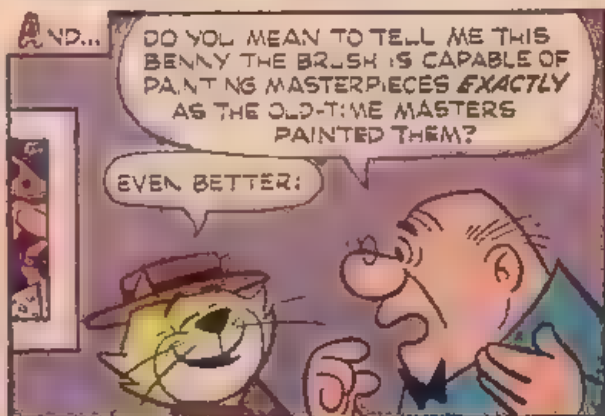
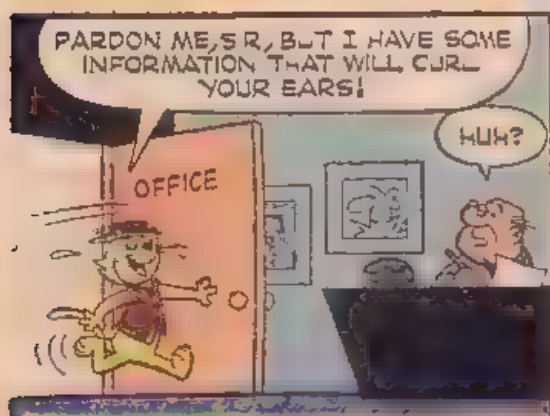
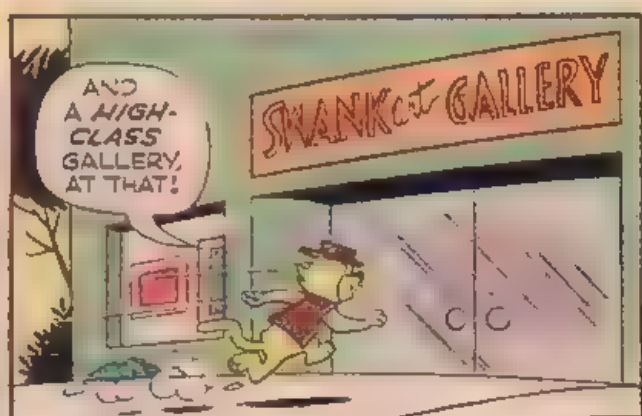
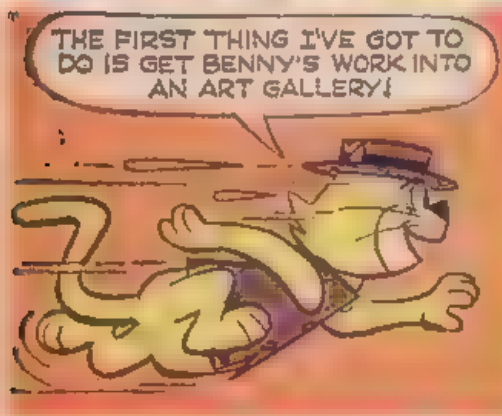
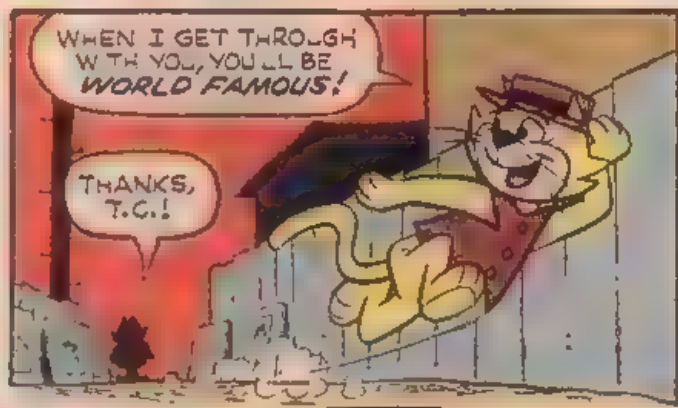
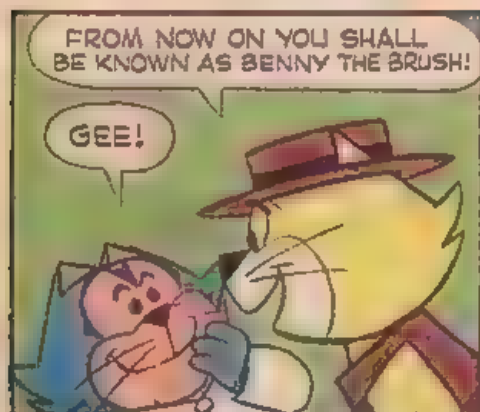
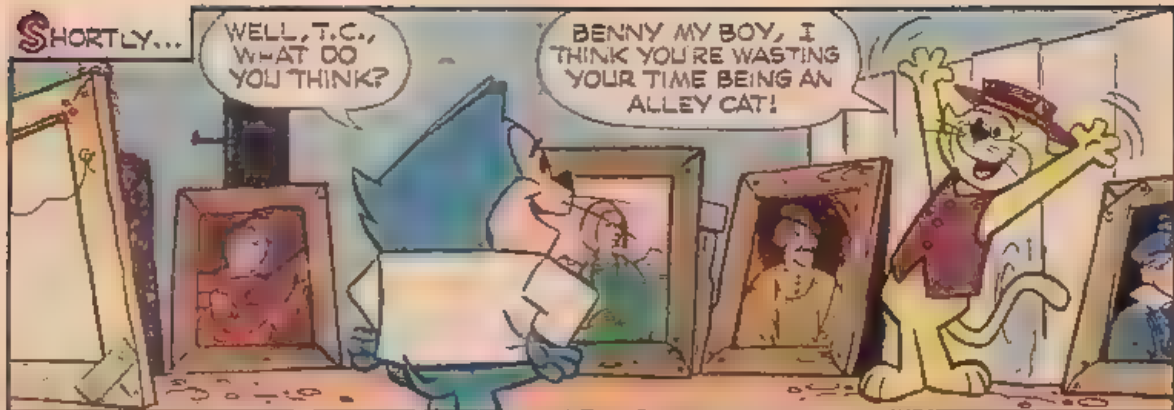
I CAN - BELIEVE IT! I JUST CAN'T!



JUST A SECOND AND I'LL DRAG EM OUT.

IF THEY'RE AS GOOD AS THIS ONE, I'LL FLIP.





JUST A MOMENT,
SIR, I MUST MAKE
A CALL!

PROBABLY
WANTS TO
ARRANGE A
ONE-MAN
SHOW!

HELLO, GUARD?
COME IN HERE
AND **THROW THIS
CAT OUT!**

HEY, WAIT
A MINUTE!
I'M TELLING
THE TRUTH!

TOP CAT!

OFFICER DIBBLE—
YOU A GUARD?

YES! THANKS TO THE
LAST PRANK YOU PULLED,
I DIDN'T GET MY RAISE! I
HAVE TO WORK HERE
IN MY SPARE TIME!

BENNY
THE BRUSH!
HUMPH!
NEVER HEARD
OF HIM!

WAIT, DIBS, IF
YOU THROW ME
OUT OF HERE,
YOU'LL BE
THROWING AWAY
HUNDREDS OF
DOLLARS!

HUH?

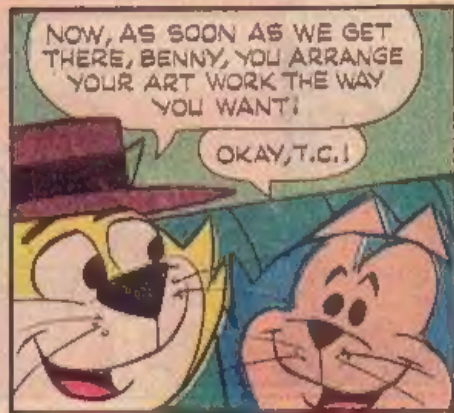
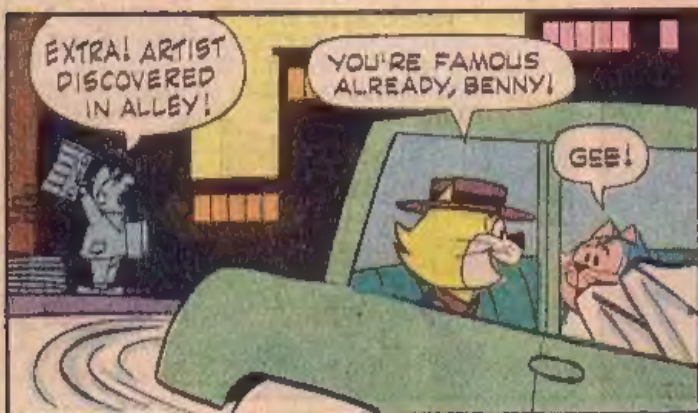
I HAVE DISCOVERED
THAT BENNY HAS
TREMENDOUS
ARTISTIC TALENTS!

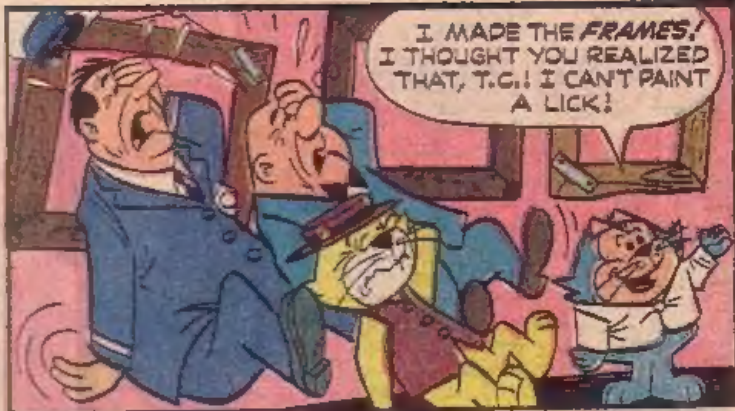
WHAT DOES
THAT HAVE TO
DO WITH ME
THROWING AWAY
HUNDREDS OF
DOLLARS?

JUST CONVINCE THE HEAD
OF THE ART GALLERY THAT
BENNY IS A GENIUS! THEN
HE'LL GET TO DISPLAY HIS
PAINTINGS AND SELL THEM!

...AND MAKE A BUNDLE,
OF WHICH I'LL TAKE ONE THIRD!
I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO IT!

OFFICE





STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code).

1. Date of filing: September 28, 1965.
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Managing Editor: Marquis M. Morse, Staatsburg, N.Y.
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J. Wischers, Jerome C. Wischers, Trust Under Will of John Wischers, Richard J. Wischers; At Evanston, Illinois, Alice Schulte.

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	Average no. copies each issue dur-	ing prece-	Single issue nearest filing date.
A. Total No. Copies Printed (net press run)	394,957	400,890	
B. Paid Circulation			
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	243,950	235,500	
2. Mail Subscriptions	1,437	1,100	
C. Total Paid Circulation	245,387	236,600	
D. Free Distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means	827	832	
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	246,214	237,432	
F. Office Use, Left-over, Unaccounted, Spoiled after Printing	148,743	163,458	
G. Total (Sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A)	394,957	400,890	

I CERTIFY THAT THE STATEMENTS MADE BY ME ABOVE ARE CORRECT AND COMPLETE.
H. L. ANDERSON
Business Manager

Hanna-Barbera

TOP CAT

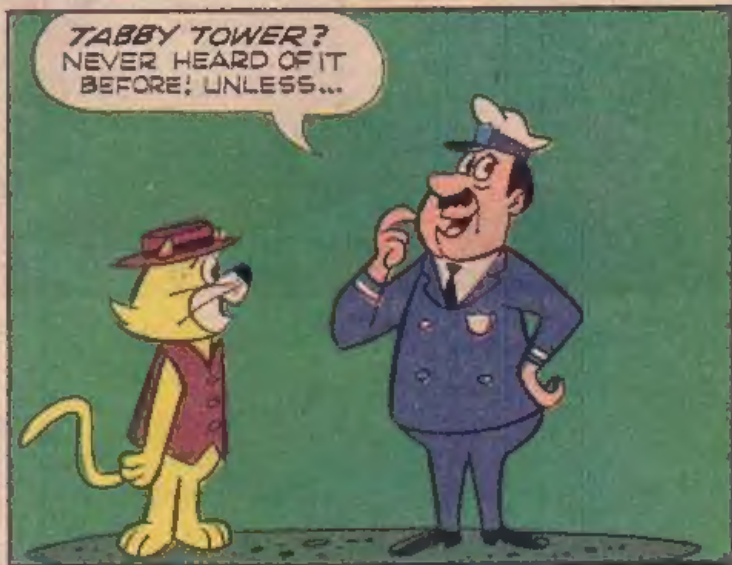
HEY, A POST CARD FROM
COLLIN CUTHBERT...HE'S STAYING
AT THE **TABBY TOWER**!



SOUNDS LIKE A
CLASSY JOINT...BUT
I WONDER WHERE
IT IS!



TABBY TOWER?
NEVER HEARD OF IT
BEFORE! UNLESS...



...UNLESS THAT'S
IT OVER THERE!



HI, CUZ!

